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Spanking

School







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SUMMER SPANKING SCHOOL

by A. De Granamour

CHAPTER ONE

I ought to have suspected that Aunt Jessica didn't really have my welfare at heart--though she did at bottom, if you'll pardon the pun!--when she suggested that I ought to consider going to summer school. And, the mere fool I, I took her suggestion seriously and agreed to what was destined to be two and a half months in a constant state of tender-bottomed tribulation. But I'm getting ahead of my story, so let me tell you all about myself and how this thing really started.

My name is Sally Vinson, I'm 19, blackhaired, with a rather nice figure if I do say so myself, and plenty of boys at Maydith College have said it for me, I might add. I'm about five six, with a soft white creamy skin that looks awfully fetching in a strapless black evening gown, and my proportions, while perhaps not enough to win me first prize at a bathing beauty contest, aren't exactly mediocre. That's enough about my physique--heavens knows, enough of it was displayed at

summer school, particularly the part I could hardly sit down on all through those excruciating weeks. But there I go again, putting the cart before the horse.

The fact is, my parents separated and then each remarried when I was about ten, and since both my father and my mother were in show business, they wisely decided that it wasn't fair to an innocent kid to be torn this way or that and to have no roots. So they both agreed that my father's sister, Jessica, who was about ten years older than them both, and who had a nice home and enough income out of a trust fund her dad left her not to have to worry about sordid money matters, would be an ideal guardian for me. I didn't have much say in the matter, and I missed them both. Oh, they came to see me for a few years till they got their own new families, and now I hear from them maybe twice a year by letter, on my birthday and at Christmas.

So as you can imagine, my Aunt Jessica became my real parent and for the past nine years she has been doing her best to make a lady out of me. She's somewhat puritanical and strict; about forty now, I'd say, though she's never let me know her real age. If she didn't wear such oldfashioned long dresses and wear glasses and

do her brown hair up in a tight prim bun and keep her lips dry without lipstick and always tight and stern, she'd really be a handsome woman, for she has a perfectly stunning figure. I happened just by accident to see her through a half-opened bathroom door one night about six years ago, in just her undies--imagine it, she wore bloomers, of all things!--and she has a marvellous pink skin and a really Venus-like figure. But you see, Aunt Jessica had had an unhappy love affair; her fiance ran off with a chorus girl just 48 hours before their scheduled wedding, and that naturally soured her. I feel sympathetic about her, because, disregarding the summer school deal, she's been very decent to me these past years.

It's true she acquainted me rather early in her career as my only parent and guardian with the gentle art of chastisement when I needed it...spanking, in other words. But she was never very harsh or made any kind of ceremony out of the affair. When I was eleven, I'd been naturally curious about pretty things as all children are, and one day when she was working in the kitchen preparing dinner for some friends, I'd sneaked up into the attic and found her wedding dress and some cute mementos, and was silly enough to

try the dress and veil on when she came upstairs and caught me. She looked pale and shocked, didn't say a word, but at once took the things off me, then hauled me across her lap, still without a word flipped up my play dress and spanked me hard over my panties with her hand. Gosh, how it hurt, and she didn't need a hairbrush; her hand was sort of lean and wiry, and when it came down on my pantie-clad and even then rather ample back-side, it stung like fury. I was bawling halfway through and promising never to touch things I shouldn't again.

But of course I did, because no child with natural inclinations and healthy nature is going to be sober and prim all the time. So six months later, I got another handspanking for going through her snapshot albums locked in an old trunk which I fiddled about with till I just happened to pry the lock loose. That time, it was worse; she pulled my panties down and spanked me lots longer, and I could hardly bear to pull my panties up over my red swollen seat after she'd finished.

Most of the time, I behaved well enough not to make her angry. I didn't enjoy being spanked, I can tell you, not only because it was humiliating to my pride, but because it hurt. When I was

almost fourteen, I got my first hairbrushing from Aunt Jessica because I told a fib about where I'd been, saying I was with a girl friend when actually I'd been kept after school because my work in algebra was below par. It would have been all right except that Edith, the girl I'd said I was staying with, just innocently happened to phone the house when she got home to find out if I could come over. And when I did come home after being kept in and glibly told Aunt Jessica I'd gone right to Edith's and only just now got back and that I'd been invited to supper but said no--I'd made that last touch up to make the episode seem all the more truthful--what did she do but phone Edith right then and then she found out I was a little liar.

I didn't get my spanking right then and there, though. She told me to go upstairs to my room and that she'd bring supper to me on a tray. After I'd had supper and she came back for the tray, she remarked that I'd done a very wicked thing in lying and that I deserved punishment, for that was a worse fault than snooping or prying. I was, she informed me, to be ready for bed at nine--an hour before my usual time--in my pajamas and she would come up to see me.

You can imagine how loudly my heart pounded

as I lay there in my bed waiting for nine o'clock. I'd done my homework in a few minutes, so I had a good two hours, nearly, to think about what Aunt Jessica was going to do. As soon as she'd left my room, I'd got into my pajamas, figuring that if I waited till the fatal moment, she might add to my punishment; and also figuring that maybe, when she saw how humbly obedient I was, she might let me off. I was right about the first speculation and entirely wrong, alas, about the second!

Right as the clock downstairs in the hall was chiming nine, she opened my door and walked in. This time, she carried a big black wooden oval-shaped hairbrush in her right hand, and I gulped and stared at it with eyes big as saucers. I had thought, of course, I was in for another handspanking on the bare. But while that was always painful for me, quite apart from the shameful sensation I had of being over her lap, big girl that I was, and being punished like a naughty little child, I could at once conjecture that this substitute for her hand was going to be a real ordeal.

"I am going to spank you with this hairbrush, Sally," she began right off without wasting time, "because lying is one of the worst faults anyone

can have. You are like my own daughter, and I would never permit any child of mine to go through life telling falsehoods and hoping to escape her just due by means of such deceitfulness. It creates bad character traits when you are adult, so what I am doing is for your own future good. Roll over onto your stomach, please."

I did so, shivering with nervous apprehension. She sat down on the edge of the bed, laid the hairbrush down on one of the pillows at the head of the bed, and then took the other pillow and told me curtly to raise up a little. When I did so, she shoved the pillow under me so that my hips and seat stuck up in the air very vulnerably. I had begun to sniffle already, for this ceremonial ritual had never been inflicted on me before and it could only mean that my punishment was going to be lengthy and severe.

It was, believe me! First of all, she gave me another lecture on my naughtiness, all the while I lay there squirming and dying a thousand deaths in advance wondering what the hairbrush would feel like on my bare seat--for by now, of course, Aunt Jessica had, even in the few occasional handspankings she meted out to me over the past few years, indoctrinated me enough to know that I would not be permitted the protective

luxury of any covering for the target of chastisement. Also, to make it lots, lots worse, I had to answer her frequent questions during this new and rather long sermon, so you can imagine what a tizzy I was in by the time she finally stopped talking. Oh at last, I thought, almost grateful that this suspenseful prelude would be done with and the real ordeal start right away.

CHAPTER TWO

But again I was in for a very painful surprise. Putting her left hand on the small of my back, Aunt Jessica began to spank me slowly with her right hand, alternating on the plump cheeks of my pajama-trousered bottom with impartial and thorough conviction. The smacks sounded loud and they felt worse! I couldn't control the kicking of my legs after a dozen, and I was looking back tearfully and promising her I would never lie again--a promise I have fairly well adhered to since then, with some minor exceptions which I'll tell you about later on. But all the time her hand was rising and falling, I was telling myself, oh my Lordie, this is just a warmup for the hairbrush and already my poor bottom's on

fire, what will it be like when I have to get it. I didn't count the handspans, but there must have been about thirty of them, distributed equally to both my wriggling bottomcheeks, and I was crying plaintively and pleading with her not to spank me any more, that I would never, never lie again and that I would be very, very good if she would only stop now.

"No, Sally, I am not going to stop now," she was grave in tone and quick to answer. "If I did, you would always think that you could get out of your just desserts by begging off and you might be inclined in later life to try that unrealistic and weak-spined method to waive your obligations." (Aunt Jessie had once taught grammar school, especially English classes, so she was always very formal and precise and a bit oldfashioned in her choice of words even to a teenager.) "Now then, young lady, I want you to reach down and pull your pajama trousers off and then get yourself back over that pillow and ready for the rest of your correction."

"Oh please, A..Auntie," I wailed "please at least wait a little minute, my..my poor seat's so sore I couldn't stand it, honest I couldn't! Do let me rest a minute, please!"

"Very well. I will give you exactly two

minutes," she said, glancing at her wristwatch. "Are you sorry you did such a sinful, thoughtless thing?"

Well, of course, questions like that during all too brief reprieve didn't ease my burning backside one little bit, not with the awful thought of that nasty big old hard-backed hairbrush awaiting me and right there in front of my tear-blurred eyes resting on the pillow in front of my flushed tearwet face. So when I told her I was terribly sorry, I was never being more truthful! And all too soon she said "Time's up. Get yourself ready, Sally."

It was a most undignified thing to have to reach down and untie the cords of my pajama pants and then squunch myself and tug them down and reach like a contortionist to pull them down to my thighs. Then I wriggled forward back up over the pillow, and I felt the cool air from the halfopen window fan my naked seat, and that made it throb all the more from my spanking. I burst into tears and pleaded with her not to use the hairbrush; at least, I said blubberingly, if she had to spank me some more, wouldn't she please use her hand instead and give me extra. "No, Sally, I always keep my word, and that's something you must learn to do too" was all she

said, and then a brusque "Get ready now, and stay in position for it, please!"

And then I felt her palm bear down on the small of my back and her right arm reach in front of me to pick up that dreadful-looking hairbrush from the pillow in front of me, and the next thing I knew an awful, noisy Whackk rang out, and I yelled in protest as that oval-shaped hard flat surface of the brush came down right on the plumpest part of my right cheek where her hand had already done such damage. Another spank fell on the other cheek in the same place before I could even start to beg her to take it easy, that I would be good, and I heard myself sobbing and wailing like anything. I hammered my fists into the sheets and tried to lie still, but oooh how it stung and smarted on my already wellspanked bare bottom, and pretty soon my backside was leaping and bouncing in the air and I was looking back and trying even to cover up with one or both of my hands, only to have her rap me smartly on the knuckles with the edge of the brush and comment dryly that my spanking would never be finished if I kept that up.

Her stern, cool, taciturn manner had a lot to do in cowing me into a complete submission; I buried my face in my hands and tried to lie

still and take it, but as she went on spanking, I broke down and pleaded fervently for her to stop, promising the most perfect conduct in the world, kicking my legs--which were hampered by the pulled down pajama trousers very effectively. My bottom felt like a fiery furnace and I was sure the skin was broken all over. But of course it wasn't, and at last she stopped with two or three last swats and a calm reminder, "Now perhaps you won't ever lie again, young lady!"

She stood up and told me I could pull my pants up, which I was in no hurry to do, for I lay there crying as if my heart would break and my bottom throbbed and burned so awfully I couldn't bear to think of anything over it, even my thin jammies. In fact, after she'd gone out, I cried myself to sleep lying just as I was, over the spanking pillow. And the next day in school I squirmed around so uneasily all day long in my hard seat that some of my classmates teased me in the hall and intimated I must have got a good spanking. Unfortunately, my blushes confirmed their suspicions.

In the years that followed till I reached 19, Aunt Jessica had several occasions to punish me, and, since I was older and my foibles more complex, of course my punishments were more

severe than when I was a child. When I was sixteen, for instance, I was very clothes-conscious and wanted to look very sophisticated and sexy. So I sneaked home some lipstick and, out of my allowance, bought a slinky and vulgarly loud red satin dress whose skirt was so short it showed my knees and even an inch or so of thigh. I didn't let Aunt Jessica see me in it, for I took it out in a shopping bag and put it on at a girl friend's house. But when I went to a movie with her and her boy friend that evening for which I had permission--she got me a blind date, my very first, and one of our neighbors saw me and promptly phoned Aunt Jessica and asked her if she knew her niece was out flouncing around with boys in a dress that made her look like a dance-hall hostess.

So when I got home late that evening, with my immodest dress hidden away in the shopping bag under my books and homework papers, Aunt Jessica confronted me, found the dress in the bag, and promptly condemned me to the hairbrush. This time, there was another unpleasant ceremony to go through: I had to take off everything, and put that dress back on, then get across her lap for a handspanking, after which I was ordered, despite my sobbing protests, to pull up the skirt

well over my reddened backside to present it to her vengeful hairbrush. I even think that spanking for being unladylike was harder and longer than the one I got for lying!

CHAPTER THREE

Aunt Jessica also kept track of my dates and boy friends up through my 19th year. She insisted I bring them to the house to be presented, and if she didn't approve of any particular boy, let me know so at once. Repeated dates with him would mean a spanking, as I found out shortly after my 17th birthday. Once again, it was a gossipy girl friend who let the cat out of the bag, and when that particular boy brought me home, Aunt Jessica, to my consternation, gave me a scathing lecture in front of him. Then she flatly told him she didn't wish me to go out with him any more, and that as a result of my repeated flouting of that wish of hers, I was to be punished. So that he would remember what he had caused to happen to me, he was to sit down in the living room and wait till my punishment was over, after which I was to come out and tell him myself that I did not wish him ever to ask me for a date again. My aunt's dry, pedantic

manner seemed to impress everybody, so to my dying shame and embarrassment, Archie sat down on the sofa, a silly grin on his face--for which I could cheerfully have killed him!--while my aunt led me into the next room.

After closing the door, she ordered me to go upstairs to her room and bring back the hairbrush. I pleaded tearfully with her at least to send him home and then punish me, as the very thought of his being just outside and hearing the smack-smack-crack of that wicked black wooden brush against my bare bottom was annihilating to my maturely girlish pride. But Aunt Jessica stopped my futile supplications merely by remarking that if I kept on arguing and not obeying her, she would invite him into the room to watch me getting it. I ran up and brought the hairbrush back at once after that threat. you may be sure!

Seating herself on a straight backed chair, Aunt Jessica motioned to me to get across her lap. When I did so, she turned back my dress and slip, pulled my white silk panties up tight, loosened the garter tabs of my narrow garter belt and tucked them inside the waistband of my panties. I knew I was in for a real ordeal--and I was!

She proceeded to slap my bottom and my bare

upper thighs for a long time with her capable right palm, while her left hand kept tight hold of the top of my panties. The snugness of that thin and hardly protective veil seemed to increase the sting of her spanks, and I wriggled wildly about over her lap. Gringing my teeth and compressing my lips, I tried my utmost not to cry out, knowing that Archie was sitting there in the next room drinking it all in, the nasty sneak. Just the thought of his having not even the manly decency of refusing to be a party to my ignominious punishment made me certain I was done with him for good!

Nonetheless, in spite of my resolve, tears were running down my cheeks when at last my aunt finished spanking me. Then she herself removed my panties and undid my garterbelt, and took up the hairbrush which she had laid on a stool next to the chair. Then I really got it! The noisy whack-crack of the brush against my reddened, stinging bare skin was a humiliation all in itself, but the pain was awful. And after about six or seven hard spanks, I broke down and began to sob; after fifteen, I was tearfully imploring Aunt Jessica to stop and saying I was dreadfully sorry I had disobeyed her and would never do so again. She kept spanking, though, as she always

till she felt I had had enough to impress the lesson on me. Then, after letting me lie there and weep it out for a few minutes, she ordered me to pull my panties and garterbelt back up, smooth my clothes down and go out and tell the young man not to favor me with his attentions ever again.

I didn't have any trouble doing that, and I added a few tearful invectives all my own to upbraid him for being such a sneak and coward as to sit there all that time and enjoy my suffering all on account of him.

After the first year at college, I was getting serious about one of the fellows there, and Aunt Jessica felt that my grades were not what they ought to be. She felt too that if I was going to be married, I ought to learn more about domestic chores, as I was a dreadfully bad housekeeper and she often chided me for letting my things be strewn around in my room. I couldn't cook at all, and this she regarded as very vital to the success of a marriage.

So, the first week of June when the term ended, she told me she felt I should go to a special summer school where I would learn some of these things and also so I would have sufficient time to think over very seriously whether

Herbert, the boy I had a crush on from college, was really the proper mate for me. I felt it would make her happy if I agreed to go to the school, so I said I would.

It was about a hundred miles from our town, in a private summer resort kind of place, and Aunt Jessica showed me the brochure the principal had sent her. The principal was a young-looking auburn-haired woman and she had two assistants, whose pictures were also shown. One was brown-haired, slim and rather saucy-faced, I should judge in her mid-twenties; the other was about the same age, long dark hair and a rather imperious and haughty face. They had summer sports, such as rowing, swimming, archery and croquet. They had classes in home economics, as well as refresher courses in French, Spanish, English literature and other subjects. The school was located on a rather large estate set well off from any other homes, so that privacy and spacious grounds were guaranteed. The tuition was reasonable, and finally Aunt Jessica mentioned that the principal was a distantly related cousin on her mother's side.

CHAPTER FOUR

After arrangements were made, one of the assistants drove up to our house to pick me up and drive me back down to Standish Camp School, as the brochure described it. The assistant was the saucy-faced slim girl whose picture I had noticed directing three girls how to draw their bows and arrows against an archery target. Her name was Della Courtley, and she was very snippy and self-opinionated, I thought, and talked about the school and her own teaching methods all the way back to the school.

When I got there, I found there were only five other girls besides myself, and all about my own age. I struck up an immediate friendship with a pretty 18-year-old blonde girl named Lois Phelps, whose heart-shaped face, sweet soft voice and genuine friendliness I took an instant liking to.

The other girls had been there a week, so I was to have a "refresher" so I could catch up with them and we could then do things in group training. The haughty-faced light-brownette assistant took charge of me all the next day. Her name was Caroline Groat, she was about 24, with a husky voice and a manner of arching her

thick eyebrows at you if she thought you mistaken or out of line.

Very quickly, to my startled surprise, I was told that Jennifer Standish--the principal of the school--believed that young ladies who came here for exclusive attention and training in the domestic and ladylike arts required discipline so that the lessons they learned would linger when they returned either to their regular schools in fall or went on to get married or get jobs. I innocently asked, "What kind of discipline, Miss Groat?"

"The kind of discipline naughty girls deserve--a spanking, of course," said the assistant, arching her brows as if amazed that anyone should ask so silly a question.

"What? Oh, no, that's impossible! I didn't come here to get any more of that, thank you, I'm going back home!" I impulsively blurted out.

"That's what you think, Sally," Miss Groat laughed unpleasantly. "You see, your aunt wrote us about you and gave us full permission to act in her place and with her authority. She spanks you when you misbehave, doesn't she?"

"Y..yes..." I gasped, blushing to my earlobes, "b..but that isn't to say I'll let anybody else do it! I tell you, I'm going back

home this minute! I don't want any part of this silly school!"

"You talk too much," Miss Groat observed arrogantly, looking at me in a way I didn't like, "and I think this is an ideal time to give you your first lesson in keeping quiet in the presence of your elders and betters!"

"Why, you--" I started to retort angrily, for after all she was only five or six years older than I was. I got no farther. She blew a silver whistle which hung around her neck from a little chain, and Miss Courtley came running up. Before I could defend myself, I found myself divested of my dress and slip and reduced to bra, panties, shoes and stockings and my garter-belt.

"I think two hours of meditation in the hoop-chair will do Sally a world of good," said Caroline, and her accomplice nodded. Despite my struggles, they forced me to sit down on an uncomfortable open wrought-iron chair, corded my ankles to the legs, and bound my wrists one over the other. While Miss Groat held me down, Miss Courtley got a heavy metal hoop-ring and lowered it over my upright torso, then took cords and tied them under my kneehollows and my waist, making the cords fast to the hoop. Finally, she



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took a rubber ball gag from the pocket of her short sleeved blouse and tied the strong elastic cords fixed into each side of the ball at the back of my neck.

I was left in this uncomfortable position, the cold metal hoop-ring brushing my bare spine whenever I struggled to get loose of my bonds, and the spread position of my legs stressed my muscles torturingly.

I felt absolutely ridiculous, tied and seated like this in undress, especially when Miss Standish, the handsome 30-year-old principal, came by with the other pupils purposely to have them watch my punishment for "talking back." Miss Groat and also Miss Courtley delivered lectures to them while they stood and looked at me, and all of them except my newly found friend Lois giggled and smirked at me most annoyingly, apparently enjoying the newcomer's distress after--as I rightly guessed--having suffered just such punishments themselves.

I sat there a full two hours and my muscles were stiff and sore when at last Miss Groat came to untie me and remove my gag, send me up to my room to shower and dress for dinner. Realizing the uselessness and danger of protesting, I conquered my rebellious feelings and meekly did

as I was told.

CHAPTER FIVE

The next day was unseasonably warm, and after breakfast, Miss Standish told us that we would be more at our ease if we just wore bra and panties and that, to set us an example, she and her assistants would do the same. We were going to practise archery and the freedom of our bodies would be more possible without hampering dresses, and also the sun and air would be good for our complexions.

I felt, nevertheless, very self-conscious as I walked out on the archery practise course with the other girls. Besides Lois, there was a sleek blackhaired 18-year-old girl named Diane Vercourt; an overly affectations and giggling Southern girl of 20 whose name was Marybelle Mercer; two sisters, Jane and Betty Allen, 19 and 20 respectively, the former a slim tall brownette with glasses and the latter rather petite and plump, very pretty and copper-haired.

Miss Standish herself was in charge of us that morning. Her curly mop of auburn hair, her alert face, and her deshabelle hardly made her look her age of 30, though, and I had to admire

her supple, well-developed figure. She wore a dark-tan-satin-colored strap-on bra, matching panties and garterbelt, dark charcoal-brown silk hose and highheeled rubber boots to the calves, and so she looked both athletic and intensely feminine.

Each of us in turn loosed a first arrow at the target twenty-five feet away. I did fairly well, considering I had never drawn a bow in my life before. Lois was chided by Miss Standish for poor form. My blonde friend was adorable in her white satin bra and panties, smoke-colored nylon hose and strap-on high-heeled sandals.

The two sisters did very well, hitting the bullseye on their first shots, and were excused from this preliminary practise. Marybelle and Diane came close to the target, but Lois missed it on her next shot and Jennifer Standish shook her head impatiently.

"You just aren't trying, Lois. You act as if you don't care a hoot about archery!" she remonstrated. Now try again. Draw your bow slowly and level it at the target, follow it with your eye--no, no, no! Can't you understand what I'm saying, you silly child?"

"I'm not a child, Miss Standish, and you've no right to talk to me this way," Lois exclaimed

sulkily. She showed more temper than I had suspected she possessed, being usually so sweet and gentle in her manners and speech. But I could tell Jennifer Standish irked her in the latter's disdainful and haughty manner, and when I saw the triumphantly gloating look that came over the principal's face, I feared the worst as reproof for poor little Lois.

"The fact that you would talk back that way, Miss, indicates you are still nothing but a child. You know, your uncle wrote me in great detail about your headstrung, stubborn ways, and that is why you were sent here to be under my supervision."

"Please, if you have to lecture me, why don't you do it in private and not in front of all the other girls?" Lois instantly answered.

"And now you're being insubordinate to boot. Well, I can hardly let that go unchallenged. Lois, I am going to give you a spanking for your insolence and backtalk!"

"No you won't!" Lois stormed, almost bursting into tears.

"I have every right, you know, your uncle's letter authorized me to discipline you when you need it--and you need it very badly right this minute. Oh, Miss Courtley, come help me get Lois

ready. Miss Groat, would you mind getting me a hairbrush?"

"No, don't you dare do that to me in front of all the girls--I won't have it!" Lois cried defiantly, and started to run.

Miss Courtley swiftly took up the chase, and in a few moments had seized Lois by the wrists and was dragging her back almost effortlessly, while my lovely young friend struggled and tugged at her captive wrists and stormily defied her tormentresses.

Miss Standish now took a hand herself and in a few moments, poor Lois found herself forced up against the straw archery target, her wrists corded to the triangulated upright posts which supported it, and her ankles tied securely to their base.

By now Miss Groat had arrived with the hairbrush, a white plastic-backed implement which, if it was not so formidably large as the one Aunt Jessica was wont to use on me, nevertheless looked fearsome enough when Miss Standish grasped it in her right hand and strode purposefully towards her blonde victim. Lois bravely defied her just the same, showing more courage than I would have done in similar circumstances. "You're unfair and cruel and I hate this school," she

cried.

"Miss Courtley, I think we'll use the restraint helmet and gag on this unruly child," said Miss Standish with a mocking smile. "The next time she speaks, it will be to beg my pardon for her show of petulance and mutinousness. Ah, that's fine. Put it right on her, and make the gag as tight as you can!"

Lois tried to turn her face away, but Miss Groat cupped the girl's cheeks with both hands while her associate adjusted the helmet. It was made of leather, with a snug-fitting chin piece, ear flaps and buckled at the back of the neck. At the middle of the neckpiece, a wide webbed leather strap with a rubber ball attached at it was drawn up over the middle of Lois' blonde curls and the ball forced into her mouth; a tiny metal ring fixed into the ball was then made to connect with a small solid leather flap-piece drawn up from the chin, so that the ball remained firmly placed in her mouth and could not be ejected by lips or tongue.

"Now, then, Lois, I am going to give you a good sound spanking. When you think you have learned your lesson and are ready to apologize to me, to your mistresses and to the other pupils whom you are delaying by your silly interruption

and rebelliousness, you may signify it through nodding your head up and down three times. Get ready, now, you are going to feel the weight of my argument against your insubordination!"

With this, putting her left hand flat and hard against Lois' smooth rippling milky-white back, Miss Standish drew back the hairbrush and applied a loud whack with it over both huddling, charmingly rounded buttocks. Lois uttered a stifled gasp and looked back nervously at her executioner.

"So you feel the weight already, do you? Good. There will be many more of the same and by the way, Lois, you needn't bother nodding your head too soon and think you can get out of your spanking that way. No, I intend to give you what I think you deserve, but you can try to see if your opinion on when you have had enough coincides with mine," said Miss Standish mockingly.

With this, continuing to press against the girl's bare back to force her forward so that her bottom would jut out to the hairbrush's attack, she applied a second swat with the flat smooth plastic back of the spanking instrument against the base of Lois' right buttock, and, after a moment's pause, another against the same area of the other hemisphere. Lois jerked at her



wrists, her legs flexed furiously in reaction to the stinging pain that permeated her scantily shielded posterior, and again she looked back at her tormentress, eyes widened, brows arching, forehead furrowed in distress.

"Don't tell me you were thinking of nodding your head already?" mocked the dominatress, and Lois, with a gasp, turned her face back and stared resolutely out across the green field which lay at the back of the large, rambling ranch-house-type mansion in which the school itself was housed.

We stood watching this humiliating punishment, with varying attitudes. I was awfully sorry for poor little Lois, while secretly admiring her bravery, though I knew it was foolhardy against so calculating and cold a woman as Miss Standish. The two sisters shook their heads compassionately; Marybelle giggled as if it were a huge joke, and Diane looked down at the grass studiously as if to avoid the painful sight.

It was painful, too. I could almost feel those loud whacks of the hairbrush landing crisply on poor Lois' swiveling seat as if they were falling on my own tender bottom.

Lois closed her eyes for a while and tried to remain passive and impervious. But it was no

use. Miss Standish, with expert accuracy that spoke of frequent practise at this shameful disciplinary method, brought the hairbrush down implacably. Sometimes she paused to let Lois wriggle and squirm and wait for the next blow while enduring the cumulative painful burning of all the spanks she had thus far inflicted; again, she would apply a quick flurry of spanks just to one section of one of Lois' delightfully curvaceous bottomcheeks, then pause, then bestow a liberal dosage on the other cheek at a different area. The erratic tempo and the mercurial alterations of this harsh spanking give the victim no chance to steel herself for any particular pattern of chastisement, and so fairly sooner than I had expected, Lois began to groan, then to sob, and kept turning her contorted tearwet face back again and again to implore her relentless executioner to let up. Finally, she nodded wildly three times.

Miss Standish paused, pursed her lips, eyed her groaning, squirming victim. "Not yet, my dear. I don't see in your face the proper attitude of humility and repentance. Get ready!" And again the loud crisp whack-smack-thwack of the hairbrush resounded in the sunny outdoors, as the smooth white plastic back of the spanking in-

plement collided tinglingly with Lois' white pantie-sheathed bottomcheeks. Tears now coursed freely down my poor friend's face, her frantic sobs, her violent lungings of her wounded hips grew more and more agitated; once more she nodded in sign of capitulation, and this time the executioner spared her.

"Do you think you can learn to hold your tongue now, Lois?"

Three frantic nods and a series of sobbing groans.

"And you will apologize to all of us for this show of defiance?" Whack-smack, two quick blows of the hairbrush, one against the base of each squirming buttock, punctuated that query.

"Mnnnff--auaushghghgh--nnffff--" and again the hasty nods.

Miss Standish stepped back, gestured to Miss Courtley, who removed the ball gag, but without releasing the victim from the constriction helmet. "Now you may start apologizing," she told the sobbing blonde culprit. And Lois, amid tearful groans and sobs, faltered out, "Oh..d.. do pl..please..f..f..forgive me..all of you.. f..for being so n..naughty and...and.. in..in.. insubordinate..I..I'll never do it a..again.. I..I ask your pardon..please..I..let me off n..

now..M..Miss Standish."

"Very well, Lois. Miss Groat, untie her. However, Lois, to remind you of this much-needed lesson, you will wear the gag till lunch so you won't be tempted to say anything out of line. Put the gag back into place, Miss Courtley."

Miss Courtley smilingly pulled up the chin-flap with its hook and secured it to the tiny ring fixed in the ball-gag, which she peremptorily forced back into Lois' trembling sweet little mouth, while Miss Groat untied the girl's wrists and ankles.

Then, in spite of her anguished squirming from the furious spanking she had endured, poor Louis was compelled to resume target practise and to shoot arrow after arrow at that very target but to which she had been bound for her public chastisement, till Miss Standish announced herself satisfied with the girl's improvement in aim and attitude.

CHAPTER SIX

The next day saw Diane punished for ruining a cake which she had been assigned to make in our cooking class in the afternoon. Diane had misread the directions and then insisted she had

not made a mistake. She was tied on a high stool, with her ankles corded to the lowest rungs, her hands bound behind her back, seated facing the corner of the model kitchen in which we held our class, with a dunce cap on her head and, set in a rack holder on the wall, the cooking book was placed open to the page of the recipe she was to follow. She had to read it aloud one hundred times, and then tell Miss Courtley, who had charge of the class, what error she had really made. Since she admitted it with rather bad grace--for Diane was inclined to be just a bit standoffish and rather naughty about her own abilities,--Miss Courtley untied her, made her bend down right over the highstool and hold onto the lower rungs with her black-satin-pantie-sheathed bottom turned to us while she administered a sound handspanking of thirty spans which Diane had to count aloud. Haughty as she was, Diane was spiffing and in tears when at last she was permitted to rise and apologize for her snippiness.

The following day, Marybelle, Jane and Betty felt the weight of their mistresses' arms, to use a classic phrase. Marybelle had been whispering during French class to Jane, and then Betty had stuck up for her sister and told Miss Groat, the French mistress, that it wasn't Jane's fault.

So all three of them were sentenced to a spanking.

In only their bras and panties, shoes and stockings and garterbelts, which seemed to be the usual costume these warm summery days for teachers and pupils alike, the three girls had to bend over the front of Miss Groat's wide desk and grasp the other edge, thus stretching themselves out tautly.

Taking a wide wooden ruler from the top drawer of the desk, the insolent young teacher walked round to the front of the desk and proceeded to apply a good hard sonorous swat of the ruler across the plumpest part of each girl's jutting-out posterior. Then in strict rotation--first Marybelle, then Betty, then Jane, she applied the ruler soundly till each girl had had thirty-five good spanks. Marybelle was crying the hardest, but Betty was not far behind in the volume of her sobs and groans.

I was beginning to congratulate myself on my own ability to keep out of trouble, when I really ran into a storm of it, the very next day.

Miss Standish believed that young ladies should learn not only the social graces and domestic virtues, but also appreciate the lessons of the soil. So she had us pick apricots off two very plentiful trees in the wide yard just

behind the house. We got on ladders and picked the fruit, perching our baskets on the tops of the ladders and taking care not to bruise the fruit as we picked. Lois was near me, and as luck would hat it--bad luck!--I started to talk to her and tell her how sorry I'd been to have to watch her get spanked, when all of a sudden I felt my basket topple. I put out my hands to grab for it, but to no avail..and all the apricoats sprayed out of the basket and fell down to the ground below.

Miss Groat hurried up, scowling angrily at me. "You clumsy thing, you ruined all that basketful. I watched you, talking to Lois and neglecting your chore. Just for that, young lady, you're going to be paddled!"

"But it was an accident," I protested, blushing hotly with shame.

"If you hadn't been talking, it wouldn't have happened..and now you're talking back. Miss Courtley, help me tie this insolent minx onto the ladder for a good paddling," she called. Miss Courtley nodded and approached. I had to get down off the ladder. Then the two assistants lowered it to an angle and fixed the top solidly against the trunk of a nearby oak tree. I was then curtly invited to ascend it again, but this

time to stretch myself out on it and reach out with my hands as far as I could. Miss Courtley stood on a tall stool beneath me and tied my wrists to the rungs, while Miss Groat fixed my ankles, so that I was tightly extended and ready for punishment. I was wearing a brand-new white satin bra and pantie-set with a very tight narrow white garterbelt, and in my condemned and readied spanking posture felt all too dolefully the snug fit of my lingerie.

My executioner was to be Miss Groat, who now took a short-handled thick pingpong paddle, stationed herself at one side of the ladder, and began to spank my bottom smartly.

At first, the relatively small implement didn't seem to hurt much, and I was beginning to tell myself how lucky I was, when all of a sudden I began to feel an irritating heat in the region of the summits of my behind, on which Miss Groat had been concentrating with an annoying insistence. In fact, all through the spanking, she used the paddle only on that limited sector of both my buttocks, till finally I broke, down and sobbed for mercy and promised to be more careful in the future. I had to pick up all the dropped apricots, discard those too badly bruised, and replace them with a full basket of acceptable

fruit, so I was half an hour late to supper-- which I ate standing up.

But the worst was the very next morning. This time, Miss Courtley took all six of us girls out to a small lake at the distant end of the estate, and had three of us get into a rowboat, while the other three waited their turn. We took the oars and at her called-out instructions began to row. I did rather badly, and finally let go of my oar and couldn't retrieve it, so that my two companions (Lois and Jane) had to do all the work getting us back to shore.

When we got back to the miniature dock, Miss Courtley fumed at me for my clumsiness, and unthinkingly I answered back that an accident like that could have happened to anybody and it was the first time I'd ever rowed a boat. It was certainly the wrong answer to come up with so far as she and my poor bottom, still smarting from yesterday's ladder paddling, were concerned!

Near the dock, on the start of the stone pathway back to the house, was a metal stand with a white bleached wooden triangle upright, as decor. I was ordered to bend myself over it at once, and as soon as I grudgingly did so, Miss Courtley proceeded to tie my wrists and ankles to the metal legs of the stand, and then to put





a bridle-bit wooden gag in my mouth, which she tied securely at the back of my neck. She then, to my horror, took up one of the two remaining oars and approached me, and in a moment I found out why she had inserted a gag: to keep my cries down! Ow wew, that horrid wooden oar seemed to cover my entire ample bottom as it landed with a wet smack, and I jerked wildly and yelled with all my might, but the gag let only a muffled wail emerge.

She gave me ten hearty smacks, spaced about a minute apart, while I writhed and squirmed in my ignominiously and painfully bent-over position, and if the paddling had lessened in warming reminder from the day before, that oar not only revived it ferociously but assured me I would eat supper tonight standing up.

But that wasn't the worst of it!

After the spanking, she untied me herself, then had me get back into the rowboat, take the oar I had been spanked with, and make three complete tours of the lake all by myself. It was a tiny artificial lake and not very big, but just the same, the effort of pulling an oar with my pantie-sheathed swollen, ragingly hot bottom bearing down against the hard wooden seat of the boat was excruciating agony. I was dissolved in

tears when at last she permitted me to stumble out of the boat and hobble back to the house where I hurried to take a shower and then to apply cold compressed on my swollen backside. Yes, I did eat supper standing up for sure that evening!

Though I intensely disliked the imperious manners of Miss Groat and Miss Courtley--especially the former, who seemed to have it more in for me than her associate---I found myself acquiring new skills. I learned to cook commendably. The exercise improved my posture, and I felt lots healthier and full of pep. The outdoors was good for my skin and relaxed me wonderfully. However, I didn't acquire all this new aptitude and enthusiasm for my "summer vacation" without a few more annoyingly painful and humiliating ordeals.

One afternoon, after a month after I had started these classes, I had to go over Miss Standish's lap for a spanking with a pingpong paddle very much like the one Miss Groat had used on me when I was tied down to the ladder, and this time it was on the bare and I had to prepare my own bottom for correction. My tongue had got me into trouble again arguing about her grading of a theme I had written and trying to defend my stand. I might have defended that--but I cer-

tainly couldn't defend my poor seat as that stinging noisy paddle cracked smartly all over my ample exposed seat, much to the concealed merriment of my five classmates.

But finally summer ended and we were all "graduated." I went back home to Aunt Jessica, who had a long talk with me about my future. I told her yes, I was still very much in love with Herbert. So the very next evening, she allowed me to invite him for a dinner which I was to prepare all by myself. She and my fiancee both congratulated me on its tastiness, and I was very pleased.

After dinner, we went into the living room to chat, and Aunt Jessica made my cheeks turn a fiery red when she suddenly said to Herbert, "Well, young man, I give my consent to your marrying my niece. Just one word of advice--she learned this summer how to cook and sew and all the other things a good wife should know. But she learned them by means of an occasional spanking. So, when she's your wife, just keep up her lessons the same way, because a girl is never too old to go back to school. And remember, Herbert, a good spanking will always make a wife more dutiful in

THE END"



